

you come to us by the will of the Lord, or He can prevent you getting £1 per week. Now may the dear Lord bless you, and lead you, and divinely manifest Himself to you. With love to you in the Lord, I remain yours truly in Him,

DANIEL ALLEN, *Pastor.*

When I had read the foregoing letter I cast a wistful eye about me for a whole year or so, but no opening appeared, no yes or no could I obtain, and no assurance that I might even in time be able to leave this country and go to Australia. But there is a land whither we are hasting:

A land upon whose blissful shore,
 There rests no shadow, falls no stain:
 There those who meet shall part no more,
 And those long parted meet again.

There are, perhaps, a few of God's poor here and there, who have no opportunity to meet often with the household of faith—whose lot it is to dwell in a great measure alone, and who like their parents of old, are ready to exclaim: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song: and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we